War. Away, away, once more sweet Lords farewell.

Exeunt Omnes.

Alarmes, and then enter Richard at one dore, and Clifford at an other.

Rich. A *Clifford* a *Clifford.*

Clif. A *Richard* a *Richard.*

Rich. Now *Clifford*, for *Yorke* and young *Rutlands* death,
This thirstie sword that longs to drinke thy bloud,
Shall loppe thy limbes, and slice thy cursed heart,
For to reuenge the murthers thou hast made.

Clif. Now *Richard*, I am with thee here alone,
This is the hand that stabd thy father *Yorke*,
And this the hand that slew thy brother *Rutland:*
And heer's the heart that triumphs in their deaths,
And cheeres these hands that slew thy sire and brother,
To execute the like vpon thy selfe,
And so haue at thee.

Alarmes, they fight, and then enters Warwicke and reskues Richard, and then Exeunt omnes. Alarmes still, and then enter Henrie solus.

Hen. Oh gratious God of heauen looke downe on vs,
And set some endes to these incessant griefes,
How like a mastlesse ship vpon the Seas,
This wofull battaile doth continue still:
Now leaning this way, now to that side driue,
And none doth know to whome the day will fall.
O would my death might stay these cruell iarres:
Would I had neuer raignde, nor nere bin king.
Margret and *Clifford*, chide me from the field,
Swearing they had best successe when I was thence:
Would God that I were dead, so all were well,
Or would my crowne suffice, I were content,
To yeeld it them and liue a priuate life.

Enter a Souldier with a dead man in his armes.

Soul. Ill blowes the wind that profits no bodie,
This man that I haue slaine in fight to day
May be possessed of some store of Crownes,

And